

# HACKER'S CREEK JOURNAL



Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants

A Historical & Genealogical Society

of Central West Virginia

Volume XXXII Issue 2, 2013-2014

**ISBN : 0893-1615**

<b>From the Desk of the President</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>From the Desk of the Director</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>A Review of the 2014 Gathering</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>John &amp; Margaret Sleeth Hacker</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Migrating West</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Memorial Bricks</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Memorial Inscriptions</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>To the Editor</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Memories</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>The Story of Copley #1</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>The Red Cloak</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>Queries</b>	<b>34</b>
<b>Index</b>	<b>38</b>



Hacker's Creek Journal is published biannually by the  
Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants.

### **Manuscript Submissions**

Material for publication should be addressed to Journal Editor and mailed to HCPD at the address below.  
Material must be received by mid-January for March issue; mid-April for June issue, mid-July for  
September issue and mid-October for December issue.

### **Membership**

For HCPD membership information, see the Membership Form in back of Journal.

### **HCPD Mailing Address:**

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45 Abbotts Run Road, Horner, WV 26372.

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Thurs. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.;  
(We close at 3 on Mondays until further notice.)  
Mon., Tues., Wed. & Fri. 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.  
Sat. 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

The HCPD office is closed on National, State, and Local Election Days  
and on the following holidays:  
Good Friday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day,  
Thanksgiving weekend; Christmas dates to be announced

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## From the Desk

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## of the President



Greetings,

Fellow members when I joined HCPD back in early 1990's little did I realize I would still be a member in 2014. I joined to research my roots but since have become a volunteer, board member, handyman and now your president. I have enjoyed all the different positions and will do my best to do as good a job as those who served before me in this position.

This year we have some small issues to work on and a few major problems, however, I feel we will be able to accomplish these tasks with the cooperation and help of the board members, volunteers and our Director. Some of the things we have facing us is how to get more volunteers, how to get the younger generation involved with HCPD, how to get our name out there in the world of research and how to raise funds to maintain and advance our organization. Our major tasks will be dealing with a sagging roof and our outdated heating and air conditioning system.

I will try to keep every member updated on all of this and everything else going on at HCPD with an e-mail letter at least every other month. If you have concerns, ideas or comments you would like to share feel free to send them to me at my e-mail address: [renicholson0217@gmail.com](mailto:renicholson0217@gmail.com) and I will reply to all concerns.

Until the next journal or e-mail, thanks for your trust and I plan to do the best job possible.

Your president,

*Randall E. Nicholson*

**From the Desk**

**of the Director**



Hello Everyone,

WV has been showing its beauty through the many colored leaves. Sadly they are starting to fall and temps are falling too. The time change will fall back November 2 making days seem shorter and nights longer. For many it will be a slower time and an opportunity to resume their family research. I know I want to do more research on my family roots.

We have much work to do at HCPD. Hoping to have more events, weather permitting. Looking for volunteers to help sort some of our many collections so we can inventory into the library. I hope to work more on social media, but also develop a newsletter on our website. Updates will keep coming your way via email of all we do at HCPD because we consider you family and appreciate your support.

Enjoy the Journal!

As always I love hearing from you. Call 304-269-7091 or email [hcpd@hackerscreek.com](mailto:hcpd@hackerscreek.com)

*Patty Lesondak*

# **A Review of Our 2014 Gathering**

**by Patty Lesondak**

I will try to review the Gathering, and hope I don't miss any event. We had a wonderful fun filled Gathering, although the attendance numbers were down. I know we had many that had other plans, some that were just unable to attend and many dealing with health issues. The attendance was an average of 35 people. If you were unable to attend, we hope next year will be a better year for you and us.

The Gathering kicked off on Thursday, Aug. 7, 2014. People picked up their packets and had pictures taken by Betty Ann **NICHOLSON**. They gathered and did research and shared research. Irma **CURTIS** offered a lunch to buy, at \$5.00 that was a deal and proceeds went to the library. Mostly this day was research, meeting people and eating. We had a covered dish dinner, with the Chicken provided by library and other items from the volunteers. Home grown tomatoes, fresh garden potatoes, and garden green beans, along with desserts was served. Special thank you goes to our local volunteers for working in the library and kitchen.

Friday was a big eventful day! Irma came through again, and offered breakfast at 8:30 AM with the proceeds going to the library. Mary **GLASS** from the LDS Family History Library in Upshur County conducted a class. The class was very informative and we received wonderful information on how to use the sites through the Portal in LDS Libraries. Joy **DEFAZIO** conducted a class in the afternoon that was informative. The class dealt with what becomes of your research collection when you pass and genealogical estate planning. This is a problem, because so much research is lost because families do not hold the same passion. People were on their own for dinner, but were invited back for the evening entertainment. "Young at Heart" dancers from Lewis County Senior Center did a wonderful job of dancing to the oldies. We then had a special little girl that wanted to dance, so she took center stage and stole the show. It was such a good time, and we hope to have them back at a later date.

Saturday's main event was the tour. The tour was of upper Hacker's Creek and Upshur County Pringle Tree. People came back to refresh and research more. We had our Annual Business Meeting and election of officers. The two changes are Randall **NICHOLSON** will be our new Board President and Mary **CREAMER**, Vice President, all others stay the same. I will let you know more about the Board come October. In the evening we had a very nice Memorial Service for family members that passed away. The Broad Street UM Church ladies served us a delicious meal for our banquet. The John and Margaret Hacker (continued on page 36)

# John and Margaret Sleeth Hacker

by William Hacker

*Editor's Note: These descriptions of John and Margaret **HACKER** are part of The **HACKER** Records written by their grandson, William **HACKER**, a son of John **HACKER** (1773-1834) and his wife, the former Mary Susannah **SMITH**. Mary was the daughter of two other Hacker's Creek pioneers, David **SMITH** and Lydia Ball. The late Franklin Walters, one of the co-founders of HCPD, copied this story from the "Records" back in 1983. A supplement to this story, titled "Migrating West" is found on page \_\_\_ of this issue. This second story is also from The **HACKER** Records.*

John **HACKER** stood 5 feet 9 inches tall. He stood square on his feet, his weight 190 pounds, not fat, lean and solid over the average as to straightness. A good figure. His complexion fair, his hair coal black, a full round face, large forehead, medium sized nose rather full in the center. Chin board, lips rather thin and fully covering the teeth. Eyes inclined to be dark grey and small for a man of his size. Heavy and prominent eyes brows, and with a pleasant countenance to look upon. Of course, the foregoing would indicate sociability with good conversational powers, which it is said he possessed in an eminent degree. Though he was never known to be loud or objectionable, but rather to the contrary – yet, when he did speak, his language was plain and direct to the point at issue. He stood square with his head straight over his spinal column, and then to see the flash of that little eye, the earnestness of the face, the easy wave of the hand, the emphatic nod of the head, all indicating the natural orator, and then when done with what he had to say, the calm folding of the arms, with the letting down of the countenance to the natural repose. Awaiting a reply or some question of further inquiry upon the matter under consideration, and then to see the face light up again when about to reply and the gestures so natural to him to move off as above described was said to be so interesting and entertaining as to always command the closest attention and respect.

It is further said of him that he was never known to utter a foolish remark and although when a little warmed up in his subject, he was sometimes thought to be a little extravagant, yet never so at the expense of truth. In his person he was neat and cleanly, and so had everything about him so far as possible. He was never foppish or over exacting, but rather on the "FRIEND QUAKER" style of things. In



these matters, many of his children followed closely in his footsteps; but he raised no child that excelled him in having a place for everything, and everything in its place. Such then was the makeup of my grandfather, John **HACKER**, a perfect man and far above the normal physically, mentally, and morally, and as we have seen, such was the care he took of himself as well as everything thing around him, that his days were long in the land and his death triumphant and happy.

- Signed William **HACKER**, born 1810.

Margaret **SLEETH**, our grandmother was as tall as Grandfather. She stood straight and was well proportioned. Good head, dark wavy hair, dark hazel eyes, well-formed nose, rather aquiline and straight on the face. Two moles, one on the temple and the other on the upper lip near the corner of her mouth. A very pleasant countenance with usually a smile playing over it, acute in hearing, slow in utterance. While the sound of her voice was said to be music itself. Hence she was a beautiful singer and when in company was usually seen with a cluster of friends around her. She spoke in a slow and deliberate manner, tho never hesitating and then without any gestures whatever, except what might be noticed in her eyes and countenance. Such was the makeup of our grandmother.

- Signed William **HACKER**, born 1810.

-

### Migrating West By William **HACKER**

John **HACKER** II m Susannah **SMITH** at Elkins, WV, 29 Mar 1796 (Randolph Co). The Hacker's Creek community had broken up due to Indian trouble and some of the family moved to the east of the mountains in order to feel more safe from attack. After things became more settled and the Treaty of Greenville, OH, was signed with the Indians, John moved back to Hacker's Creek and there he lived for nine years. John and his older brother, William, got into an argument over politics. John was for Thomas Jefferson and William was for John Adams. Things became so hot between the two, they came near to shedding blood. Their father stepped in and told the boys to cool it. John II said that he wasn't about to cool it, that his brother was overbearing and lorded it over his younger brothers and sisters. John II said that William talked to everyone as if they were his school pupils. (William

was a school teacher). John II said that he was going to take his family and leave Hacker's Creek, and go to Ohio and get his own farm where he wouldn't have to breathe the same air as William. John Sr. wanted to keep all of his children around him and he told John that if he went to Ohio he would be disinherited. John II said so be it and packed it up and departed Hacker's Creek in 1805.

Along with several other families from Hacker's Creek, John II headed northwest to Marietta, OH, where they crossed the river, then west to Chillicothe, and then to Greene County, OH. John II did not have any land and had no money buy land; he settled at a place called Tatum Prairie on land owned by Andrew **REED**, Esq., located in Green Co, two or three miles east of Fairfield (now Fairborn), OH. He remained there until 1809; then he and David **SLEETH**, and Caleb **SMITH** moved north to Champaign County and settled on Big Darby Creek. The Indians began to raise trouble again so all of the settlers returned to Green County.

John settled at what was called The School Section. The American general, **HULL**, had surrendered to the British and the country was at war. John II joined the army to fight the British and Indians. He fought Indians all over Ohio and took part in the Battle of the Thames 5 Oct 1813 (in which the Indian Tecumseh was killed).

John's son, Thomas, was b 21 Oct 1813. John must have been on furlough in February of 1813. While John was in the army his oldest son David, 16, took over as head of the household.

John and Susannah had 8 children to provide for. Susannah must have had a hard time of it. When John II was discharged from the Army in 1815, he went to the land office in Cincinnati and purchased a one-fourth section of land ten miles west of the Mad River near the north line of Montgomery County. He also got Susannah pregnant again. She was so run down from overwork providing for their brood and no doubt worrying about her husband in the war. When her 9<sup>th</sup> child, Sarah, was born 16 Feb 1816, Susannah died and was buried on the **HACKER** Farm in Montgomery Co. The oldest daughter, Anna (Nancy) took over as mother to her younger brothers and sisters, including the newborn baby, Sarah. John II stuck it out for two more years.

One day in 1818, he brought home a new wife. She was Susan **CRAGELL** or **CRAYGELL**, a sister-in-law of Andrew **REED**, Esq., on whose land John had settled

when he first came to Ohio in 1805. When John brought home his new wife, the older boys began to drift away.

Susan did as well as could be expected, but she did not have the strength of mind and force of character to qualify her for the position of mother to the family of children into which she had now entered. Unfortunately, she suffered from hereditary insanity (she claimed to be related to all of the famous people in the world). Her insanity showed up five or six years after she and John were married. She lived on and survived John **HACKER** II by 3 years. She was cared for by his children since she had no children of her own.

John **HACKER** II stayed in Montgomery County, OH, until 1833 when he sold his farm and went to Shelby County, IN. He purchased a farm two miles north of Marion on the Big Blue River. He died 15 Oct 1834 of Asiatic cholera at age 62. He is buried at Marion, Shelby Co, IN. There is a small stone marking his grave.

Source: *Gen Forum* Kathy **SULLIVAN** posted December 07, 2004

I am not a **HACKER** researcher. Just posting this here in case it is useful for someone. I purchased copies of a Shelby County estate file and by mistake the papers included the following voucher belonging to John **HACKER**'s estate. The Shelby County Web page indicates John **HACKER**'s estate entered probate 1837 with William H. **SLEETH** as Administrator; filed Box 5 at the courthouse. The 1837 date is questionable for the following voucher establishes that **SLEETH** was already administrator as early as February 1835. The voucher also indicates that John **HACKER** or someone in his family had died as of 16 October 1834 at which time shrouding was purchased. Hope this helps someone, Kathy **SULLIVAN**.

John **HACKER** died October 15, 1834 in Shelby Co., Indiana

The Estate of John **HACKER** Senr Decsd To David **THACHER** Jr Debtor

May 16 1834

To 1 Shovel \$1.00

1 socket \$0.50

2 1/2 lb coffee \$0.50

October 16th [1834] 6 yds shrouding at 28 [cents per yard] \$1.68

Amount [total due] \$3.68

State of Indiana, Shelby County } Before me Thomas H. **FLEMING** a Justice of the  
Peace for said County personally came David **THACHER** Jr and after being duly

sworn saith the above account is just and true and that the estate of said decedent is justly indebted to him the said amount of \$3.68 cents.

[Signature] D **THACHER** Jr

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of Feb 1834 Thos H **FLEMING**  
Justice of the Peace

Received of Wm H **SLEETH** administrator of J. **HACKER** decd three dollars & sixty eight cents in full of the above account

Feb 4th 1835 [Signature] D. **THACHER**

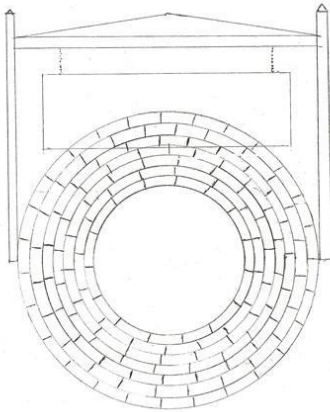
[Cover reads] David **THACHER**s Receipt To Wm H **SLEETH** Adm \$3.68

[Voucher] No. 11

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## MEMORIAL BRICKS

Did you miss the opportunity to place a paver in a family member's name. . . or, for that matter, in your own name as part of our effort to preserve and use the former Horner School, now called the Central West Virginia Genealogy & History Library & Museum, at the Abbotts Run Road intersection with old US 33 (aka Horner-Georgetown crossroads) in Horner?



Our project to place memorial pavers around our signboard in front of the library continues. So far, we have 84 bricks dedicated to members and others. These brick have been delivered to the library and will be installed this fall along with a new sign board. A list of those bricks can be found on the next page.

We have room for 60 more engraved bricks. We invite you to join us in this project.

This is your opportunity to have a Memorial Paver engraved in your own name or that of a loved one which will become a permanent part of our facility as a memorial garden on our grounds.

Each paver will be engraved by Lewis County Monument dealer, Doug Stalnaker with information and/or wording provided by you. The engraved words may be one to three lines of 16 characters or spaces

each. Each brick will be \$50.

The cutoff date for purchase was 05/30/2014. However, the deadline has been extended. We hope to have all 144 bricks engraved and installed before August 1, 2015. An order form can be found on the last page of this Journal. Please complete it and return it, together with your check to HCPD, 45 Abbotts Run Rd., Horner, WV 26372.

If you have any questions, please contact the office at [hcpd@hackerscreek.com](mailto:hcpd@hackerscreek.com) or our webmaster at [webmaster@hackerscreek.com](mailto:webmaster@hackerscreek.com). Phone number is 304-269-7091

# MEMORIAL INSCRIPTIONS

*Note from Journal Editor: The names in this section are not included in the index.*

Following are the inscriptions on the 84 bricks which have been dedicated to members or others by various persons. If you don't see someone here whom you would like to be remembered with this project, complete the form on the last page of this Journal and mail it with your check/credit card info to HCPD, 45 Abbotts Run Road, Horner, WV 26372.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Edward Allman                                       | In Memory of/ A. Page Lockard/ 1906-1988          |
| Sam S. Goodwin/ 1835-1921 wed/ Malinda Ann Cole     | In Memory of/ Levi Lockard/1845-1897              |
| Malinda Ann Cole/ 1839-1914 wed/ Samuel S. Goodwin  | Blanche Hacker/Bartlett/1890-1985                 |
| Rev. Willy H. Hart/ 1861-1951 wed/ Artie A. Goodwin | Flavius Dorsey/ Bartlett/ 1890-1965               |
| Artie A. Goodwin/ 1875-1957 wed/ William H. Hart    | William Edward/ Hacker/1852-1938                  |
| Darrell Wiley/ Groves/ 1937-                        | Virginia Ellen/ Cheuvront Hacker/1861-1951        |
| Thomas Dwain/ Groves/ 1941-2006                     | Fondest Memory/Aud & Garnett/Armstrong            |
| Thomas Edward/ Groves/ 1904-1973                    | In Memory of/Burl F. Butcher/1914 - 1980          |
| Nora Elizabeth/ Willey Groves/ 1914-2010            | Thelma E. Butcher/nee Keister/1911 - 1999         |
| George I. Grove / Groves/ 1870-1949                 | Lynn B. Firebaugh/nee Butcher/1947                |
| Daisy Lee Wellen/ Groves /1878-1957                 | Marilyn S. Moore/nee Butcher/1951-1998            |
| Selden Harness / Groves /1847-1877                  | William Jennings/Bryan Jr./1928 - 2005            |
| Amanda Riffle/ Groves Foster/ 1846-1919             | Carol Lee Gould/nee Butcher/1949 - 2003           |
| John David/ Wellen/ 1848-1933                       | Honoring Parents/Harold A. Smith/Jenneth B. Smith |
| Phebe Frances/ Summers Wellen/1856-1883             | In Memory of/Harold James/Price 1919-2003         |
| John Groves/bn Hardy Co. 1820/d. Lewis Co.          | In Memory of/Emma Jane Berry/Price 1921-1997      |
| Jefferson Conrad/ Riffle/1822-1898                  | Mabel A. Tinney/Having a Family/Reunion N Heaven  |
| Elizabeth "Elza"/Ann Heater/1822-1892               | Gooseman's Mill/William Law Sr./1770-1845         |
| Osborn William/Wellen/ Abt 1815/17-1884             | Francis Law/Ireland>Good Hope/Died 1818 - Ohio    |
| Adam/ Summers/1827-1861                             | Thomas Law/1751 - 1822/Ireland to W. Va.          |
| Mary Ellen/Corathers/1833-1906                      | John Law, Settler/Ireland>Goodhope/b 1775d 1830   |
| In Memory of/ Oscar J. Flesher/ 1922-2009           | Ohio  |
| In Memory of Irene/ Hammond Flesher/ 1924-2007      | Thomas* Francis/William*John Law/Founding Family  |
| In Memory Family/ Prince, Fisher/ Peterson, Damron  | William Burnside/Ireland-Harr,Co./1754 - 1820     |
| Sarah Peterson/ M. Ethel Peterson/ Margaret Damron  | In Memory of/ Thomas E. Burr/and Mary F. Burr     |
| In Memory of/ Edward Oldaker/ 1916-2011             | In Memory of/ Charles W. Burr &/Bessie L. Herron  |
| In Memory of/ Brooks Hacker/ 1904-1994              | In Memory of/Hartzell Strader/HCPD Life Member    |
| In Memory of/ Helen Hacker/ 1913-2010               | In Memory of/Garland Francis/1910 - 1980          |
| In Memory of/Raymond & Bonnie/ Ware                 | David Wetzel/Aaron & Sidney/Alvinza & Asbury      |
| In Memory of/ Virginia Dennison/1917-1994           | In Memory of/Chuck Gilchrist                      |
| In Memory of/Herbert Dennison/1908-1988             | The Winemillers/Nick- Denna/Reva-Vivian-Zoe       |
| Goldie Lough/Marsh Bolling/ Nov. 1916- Sept. 2003   | In Appreciation/ Joy Gilchrist/ Betty Graybill    |
| E.V. "Ginger" Wills/Life Member/1936-2011           | In Memory of/ Patty Crouch                        |
| In Memory of/Minter K. Foster/ 1917-2000            | In Memory of/ Joe & Raydine/Teicheira             |
| In Memory of/Hiram Adams/1828 - 1911                | In Memory of/ Bob & Ruth Smith                    |

In Memory of/Elenore and Lee/Wiseman  
Maurice and Bertha/Allman  
In Memory of/ Robert C. Newlon  
In Memory of/Creed and Madge/McCue  
In Memory of/Ralph and Jerry/Hinzman  
In Memory of/Kathryn Hinzman/1963 - 1969  
Junior and Elaine Allman-Coulter  
In Memory of /Carl Curtis Sr. and Carl Curtis Jr.  
In Memory of/ Walter and Audra Bender

In Memory of Charles and May White  
In Memory of Jill Brown  
In Memory of Hurley and Verna Curtis  
In Memory of Kent & Marie Bishop  
In Memory of Paul & Pauline Heater  
In Memory of Robert B. Smith

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## TO THE EDITOR FROM OUR MEMBERS

In reading the **BEVERAGE** article recently published in the Hacker's Creek Journal (Vol. XXXII, Iss. 1), I noticed there was no reference to it's source. You may have received the article from someone else, but several years ago I transcribed the article from a newspaper clipping my grandmother, Ethel **STRADER WAGGONER**. She saved it for years and later forwarded a copy to you for possible publication in the Journal. Ethel is the granddaughter of Nathan **REXROAD** and Julia Ann **EAGLE REXROAD**. The article was written by Wilbur C. **MORRISON** and published December 3, 1933, in the "Sunday Exponent-Telegram."

I hope this information is helpful; thought you would want to know. It was good to see it in the Journal.

My best,

Carol **CHAFIN**

3400 Ringgold Northern Road  
Ashville, OH 43103-9756

# MEMORIES

By Harold James PRICE

*[Note: I gave my Dad a computer for Christmas 2000. Sometime between then and his death in November 2003, he wrote down these memories "to get some experience on this keyboard". He took to the computer like a duck to water! It is a pleasure to share his memories with the HCPD family. **Marjorie Dianne PRICE**]*

I was born in Weston, West Virginia on October 15<sup>th</sup> 1919.

I went to Polk Creek School through the first eight grades. Polk Creek School was a two-story building with four classrooms, two on the first floor and two on the second floor. The first room on the ground floor, standing in front of the building, was the first and second grades. The room on your right on the first floor was the third and fourth grades. On the second floor the room on your right was the fifth and sixth grades. The room on your left on the second floor was the seventh and eighth grades. There was running water in the building, but no sewer system. There was a big septic tank in both the boys' and girls' bathrooms. They used chemicals in the bathrooms at that time. We had to study hard and there was no foolishness when classes were in session. Our teachers were very strict, but we learned from them. We marched out of the building every evening with a record playing a march. We could not talk or run until we got out the front gate of the schoolyard. When I got to the eighth grade they moved me from 8-B to 8-A the first semester and sent me to Central Grade School in Weston. I graduated from grade school in the middle of the school year, but the subjects I wanted to take in High School were not available in midyear, so I dropped out of school for the second semester, and came back to my freshman year in High school and graduated from Weston High School in 1938.

I played on the Weston High School football team, and in 1937 we came within one game of winning the state championship. Victory High School Clarksburg beat us by six to nothing on the 11<sup>th</sup> of November 1937. We played our football games on the lawn of the Weston State Hospital. There was a big tree on the north end of the field and when we scored a touchdown on that end of the field, we had to go to the south end of the field to kick the extra point.

The location of the new Sharp Hospital used to be a big meadow. Mr. Perry G. **ALFORD** cut two and three stacks of hay off that field every year. They used to

stack the hay in haystacks at that time instead of rolling them up. They would fill the loft of the barn, before they would stack the hay. The haystacks had to be stacked in the shape of an egg so they would shed the rain and snow. The hard part of stacking hay was lifting the hay up to the man who was working on the top of the stack.

In the middle of that meadow there used to be a Lamp Black Factory. A Lamp Black Factory was turning natural gas into lamp black, which was used for several things at that time.

The gas station there on West Second Street just west of the Polk Creek School was first built for refueling the trucks that were hauling the sand and cement to build the road from the Alfred Farm on west to the Gilmer County line. It was first called the Waverly Station and sold Waverly gas.

Almost everybody at that time used coal as a heating fuel, and on a damp morning when humidity was high, the smoke would settle over the valley like a black cloud. Since we lived on a hill (Kunst Addition), we could look over the top of this smoke and it looked as if we were over the clouds.

During the flood of 1937 the water from Polk Creek was over the bottom where the Sharp Hospital now stands. It was also up to the second floor of the old Tony **TUCCI** store on West Second Street. That was the highest it had ever been. They have the flood control dams at the headwaters of Polk Creek now that prevent that from happening again. They have also built the Stonewall Jackson dam on the West Fork River just south of Weston, which controls the flood, waters on the West Fork River. This is a great asset to the city of Weston, because the floodwaters used to do a lot of damage in Lewis County.

My daddy [**Clarence William PRICE**] worked for the Hope Natural Gas Company and when my brother [**Hayward Cloy PRICE**] and I were growing up we would go to work with him when school was out and during the summer vacation. He worked on a bailing machine all over Lewis County, wherever there was a gas well. He would be by himself so we went with him to hunt and just be with him. We learned a lot about natural gas from watching him work. All natural gas wells have some water in them, and salt bridges. These two combined would shut off the gas flow coming out of the wells, so the bailing machine would bail the water out and knock out the salt bridges down deep in the wells. He also used a swab, which was



attached to a long steel stem and would go down under the water in the well and bring it to the surface. When it was lowered into the tubing, it fit snug and then when it got to the bottom of the well and started back up it would expand and hold the water above it to the top of the well. Sometimes when there was a lot of water it would burst out of the top of the well for some time. My brother Hayward and I would go to work with our Dad every other day. The days that we stayed home we had to help our Mother [**Artie Carrie HACKER PRICE**] and work in the garden.

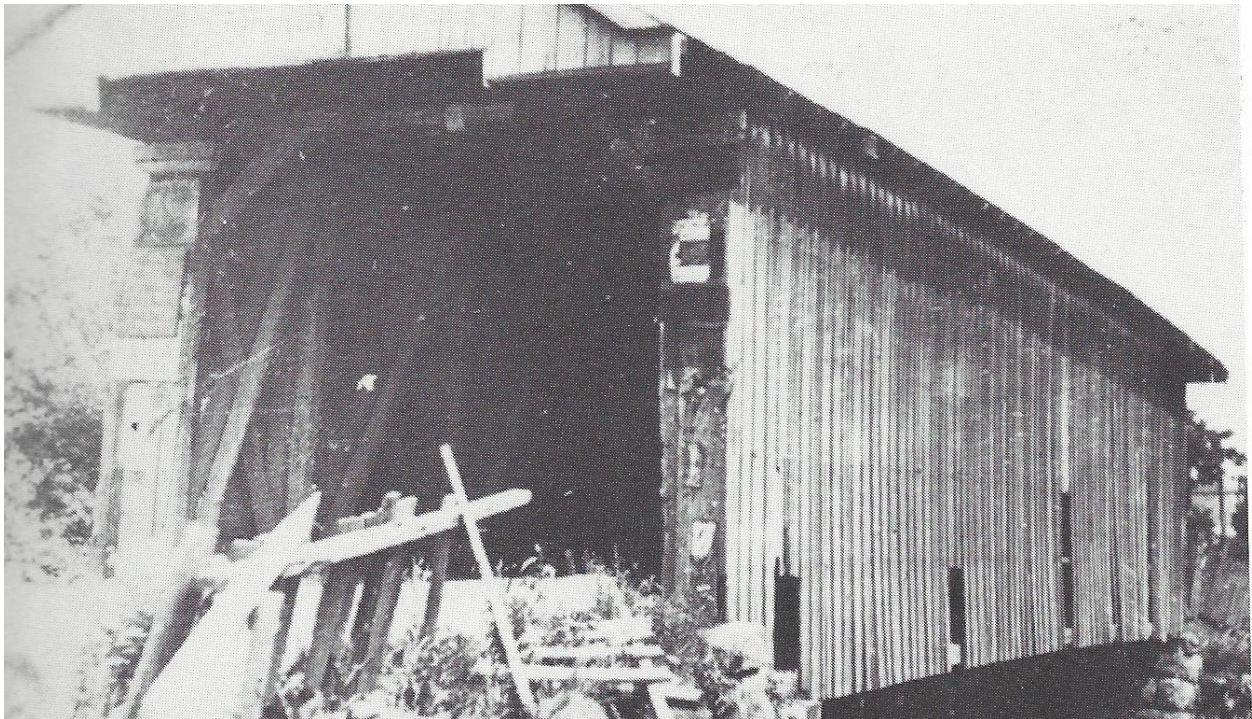
I can well remember my mother washing on the washboard, and wringing out the clothes by hand, and putting them into the cold rinse water with Little Boy Blue bluing in the water. She would then wring them out by hand again and hang them on the clothesline to dry. My Dad had a clothesline that he built that ran on pulleys so Mom could stand in one place and hang up all the clothes. She washed every Monday and ironed every Tuesday no matter what the weather. Daddy was able to buy her a hand-operated wringer, built on a stand that held two number three washing tubes. It made it somewhat easier for her but she still had to wash on the washboard. My brother and I had the job of turning the crank on the wringer for her. Then there was a great day at our house when Daddy came in on a Saturday with a new MAYTAG washing machine with a power wringer and everything. It was powered by a little two-cycle engine and the PUTT PUTT of that engine was a wonderful noise. On Monday mornings you could hear at least five or six MAYTAG PUTT PUTTS around the neighborhood.

Now to change the subject, I remember when our shoes wore out on the bottom, before Daddy had the money to buy some shoe leather, we would take a thick piece of cardboard and put in the bottom of our shoes to keep our feet off the ground. The big thing that my Brother Hayward and I would look forward to receiving was a pair of high top boots. That was the big thing for us. Some were fourteen inches and twelve inches.

On Saturday afternoon if we got all our work finished we would get fifteen cents from our earnings and go to town, Weston. For those fifteen cents we would see a double feature movie at the Hollywood theater for ten cents and go to **ANDERSON's** Hot Dog Stand on Main Street and get two hot dogs for five cents.

Mr. **ANDERSON** would take the hot dog and cut it in half and make two hot dogs out of it. Boy, THAT WAS A TREAT!

My sister, Betty [**Betty Lou PRICE NICHOLSON**] just called me on the phone and asked me if the bridge over Polk Creek on West Second Street was ever a covered bridge. Yes, the old covered bridge was there. The gossip has it that one time years ago there was a hanging under that bridge. The farmers used to drive their cattle over the road instead of hauling them on a truck. They had a hard time getting the cattle to go through that bridge. When they built the new bridge (I think it was about 1933), they put in a huge culvert to keep the water in Polk Creek flowing while they worked on the new bridge. The house on the right side of the road going west was not there at the time. They had a rock base road going down to the culvert and back up the other side. I remember when the new bridge was opened. It was a big thing at that time.



*This is the old covered bridge across Polk Creek. The photo is from "A Pictorial History of Old Lewis County: The Crossroads of Central West Virginia." The original photo was contributed by Lawrence Chapman who remembers playing in the old covered bridge as a child.*

# **The Story of Copley #1**

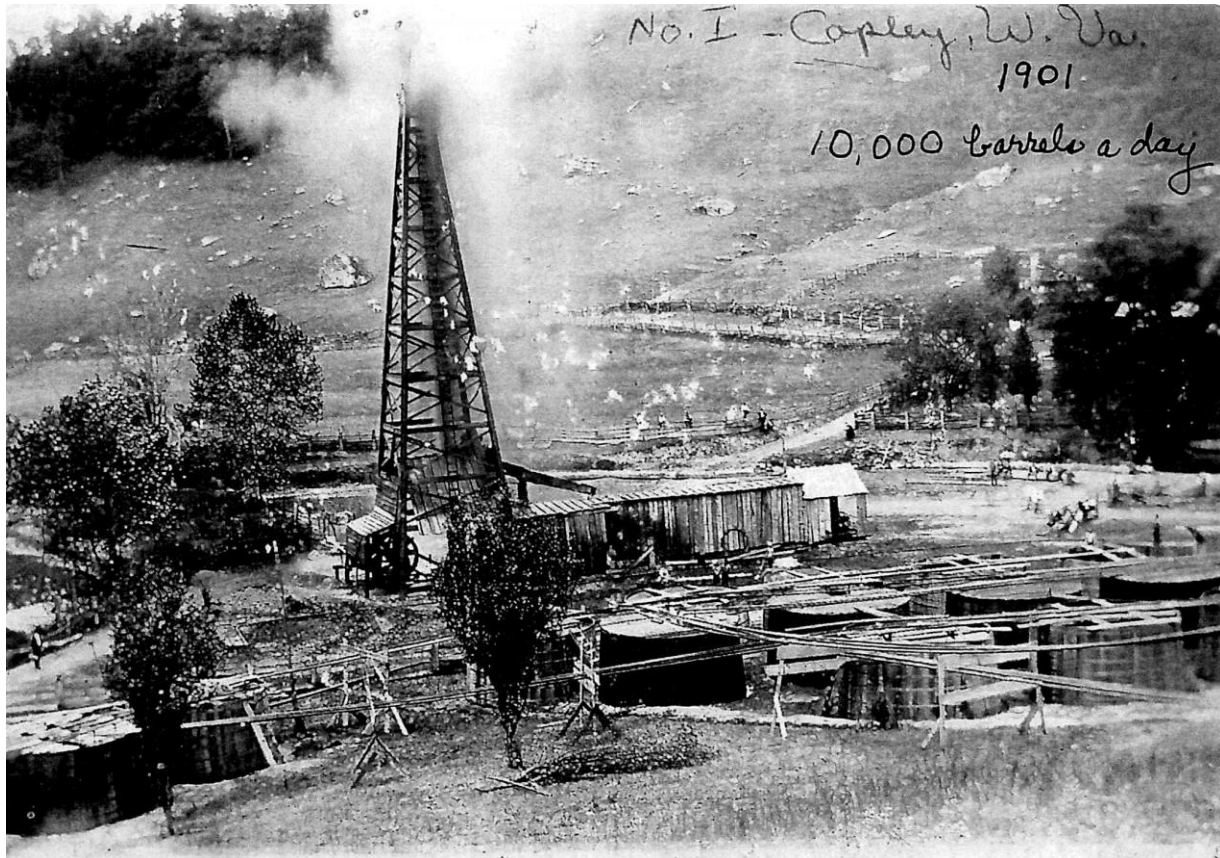
by Nelson F. Lough

24 January 1968

During the early days of September, 1900, the booming of steam-driven drilling machinery at Copley, West Virginia, must have not created a too great commotion in the small quiet farming community with its small population. The property, where the wooden oil derrick stood, belonged to Michael Copley, an unwealthy immigrant from Ireland and a small scale farmer. Lewis Countians had priorly been greatly startled with the coming of the Camden #1 well in October 1899, with its enormous oil production of estimated 1,000 to 3,000 barrels of oil a day. But, unfortunately, several poor wells were later drilled, some producing only small amounts of about 40 barrels a day and other wells disappointingly were “dry holes.” Even the great gusher, Camden #1 soon blew out the oil it held in its crevice, and the interest of the oil speculators waned. By the midsummer, 1900, most of the oil excitement among the people of the county had died out. To the people of Copley, this well hopefully might be a producing well. . . and not a dry hole. . . .

On September 22, 1900, the drilling was continuing when suddenly the well came in. The drill had not even broken through the last few feet what held the oil. The oil broke through crust and shot the tools completely out of the well. The oil at first was laden with sand and rocks from the hole in the earth, and the striking force of these impurities was so great that they cut a portion of the top of the rig apart. The oil spurted far above the derrick and fell in a golden shower which covered the ground for hundreds of feet around. The ground around the derrick stood a foot deep with oil. The oil was a golden yellow; and was so “alive” that it was nearly as flammable as gasoline. The drillers, soaked with slippery oil and frantically trying to shut off the flow, were unable to supply enough tankage and the oil ran into the nearby Sand Fork Run. The initial production was estimated about 300 barrels an hour, and five days after the well came in, production rose to 7,920 barrels a day. The Sand Fork was rapidly filled with oil as far as eight miles below the well. Successive dams were quickly thrown up in the river channel, and laborers who had worked day and night at fabulous wages fell exhausted, unable to continue longer without sleep. The oil overflowed the last dam, which was ten feet high, and continued to the Little Kanawha where it was carried to the rivers’

mouth at Parkersburg, a distance of more than 100 miles! The gigantic production of the well was such that it affected the PRICE of oil to the extent of dropping 10 cents in three days!



The well at Copley had astonishing effects on the little farming community. Visitors came from far and near; the roads were crowded with people riding and driving to and from the quickly-made-famous Copley farm. Armed guards were necessarily maintained to keep the gathering crowds from coming too near and possibly starting a much-dreaded fire.

The main problem presented to the workers was to supply ample tankage and the Copley-Weston road soon became a very busy muddy and muddier road. The tanks, made on the site from barrel staves and metal hoops, was a time consuming and difficult task. Yet at one time, there were 300 such tanks scattered in the meadow around the well, each with probably a capacity of 250 barrels. Steam

boilers, pip and casing also were hauled over the small winding road and boarding-houses and livestock barns sprang up nearby.

Although Camden #1 had blown itself to complete, the new Copley #1 did not suffer the same misfortune. By November 8, the Copley well was flowing at 93 barrels an hour and seemingly had no intention of slacking.

#### THE COPLEY-WESTON ROAD

The old road leading into Copley from Weston created a major problem to the early oil workers. Weston, the nearest point of supply for the oil wells, also designated the termination of the railroad and the only remaining method of transportation was by horse and wagons. Weston lies approximately 15 miles from Copley and the early road was winding, narrow, and extremely muddy. Reportedly, it took 200 teams of horses to rush the necessary materials to Copley that were desperately needed for the wells. The wagons that contained the steam boilers had wheels that were three inches wide, but this width did little good in mud that was so deep that it ran through the horses' collars. Sometime a horse would get caught in the mire and would have to be snaked out by another horse or perhaps even a team. The road also displeased the men who transported the casing. The mud would enter the casing and become packed and the men would have to clean the casings out before they could be used.

Evidently the drivers of the wagons must have not been the most courteous persons. It is told that one man was run down by a driver and had his leg broken in the incident. The people finally became so frightened that they traveled the road only when necessary, but it would be unsafe to surmise whether this fear originated from the wagon drivers or from fear of getting stuck in the deep, deep mud.

#### THE CHANGING COPLEY

Before the oil boom struck, the vicinity of Copley was dissected by small farms and dotted with farm houses of the Irish immigrants who had settled there. The topography of the region negated the possibility of large-scale farming, but the heavily wooded hillsides with a goodly amount of hard work, could easily provide materials for building and simultaneously provide pasture land for livestock. The small stream which meandered through the area, Sand Fork, was capable of



supplying water in a usual summer and the occasional bottom land could supply hand and space for cornfields.

The Irish had settled with farming as their main goal' their remaining houses prove this theory. The farm houses were constructed of logs, but no log cabins were these. The Irish homes were sturdily constructed from hand-hewn logs which interlocked at each of the four corners. Those logs used were immense; some measuring possibly 20 feet in length, 18 inches in depth, and 12 inches in width. Large logs were not used for nothing; the houses were large two story structures with huge, cut field-stones laid up for the fireplaces that served as cook stoves and heating combined. The size and construction of the homes and barns tell that the Irish had homesteaded; these buildings were lifetime-unless torn down or burned, they should stand for two or three life-times. The lack of regard for timber and the desire to quickly clear large portions of land were once traits of the farmer. The Irish had never thought of gaining their livelihood by watching a hole being sunk in the ground.

But the hole was sunk, oil was bubbling, and the farming in the community was suddenly forgotten. The first result was the amazing influx of people into the area. Hundreds of workers were huddled into the valley and there was no place for them to stay. The time of the year, 1900, was winter; the well had come in September. The cold men would be desperate for a warm place to spend the night, and the only recourse was to go to the people's houses asking to lie before the fire and sleep. The workers were covered with mud and snow and after lying before the fire, the melted snow became muddy water which caused the housewife much extra work. It was true also that the men were not too clean working with oil and the lack of bathing facilities created from them a very unpleasant odor. Before any real further development of the oil field commenced, boarding-houses became scattered throughout the community.

Wherever there is a large group of coarse, laboring men, there usually will be found a certain type of establishments which offer diversion and relaxation. The newly grown Copley region was no exception as it had at least four or five saloons. Besides providing the men with the whiskey they desired, the saloons also acted as the focal point for amusements and music with square dancing. One trait of these saloons that appears unique is that the men would take a newly married man to the saloon, set him on the counter, and demand that he buy drinks for the others. It is told that one man, George **MURPHY**, was a non-participator for alcoholics and

refused to set the drinks up. George remained stern in his refusal and even though it was his first night of marriage, the men kept him at the saloon all night.

The “speak-easy” was also a source of alcoholics, but quite illegally. One conception is that the bootlegger had a very small hole cut in the wall and the purchaser, who could not see or be seen, came near the hold and “Spoke easily” what his desire was. Another version of the “speak-easy” is that the men who frequented such establishments would have to “speak-easy” when they gave directions to others concerning the place. One such “speak-easy” was located in a rock cave somewhere high in the hills near the Copley region.



The first store at Copley was initially owned by Marion **ADAMS**. The store, although not a large one, was a general store and carried grocers, clothing, shoes, medicines, livestock feeds, hardware, and ammunition. The store was also a focal point in interest as the men, especially the older ones, sat about on kegs, chewing tobacco, and spinning yarns. The feed was sometimes stacked on one side of the store and at times when there were not enough kegs for the amount of bottoms. . . the next day would find the sacks of feed slumped downward in the center where someone had sat the night before. The younger men enjoyed their leisure time by wrestling

matches. At times the matches would be arm or leg wrestling, and other times it was plain old wrestling. Feats of physical strength were also enjoyed as the men endeavored to see who could lift most. Once there was a wager on a man that if he could carry 200 pounds of flour over the hill to his home, he could have it for free. Otherwise, if the man failed, he would have to purchase the entire amount. A referee was sent along to insure the man did not set the flour down and rest. After a time the referee returned and “pantingly” said, “I went with ‘em to the top of the hill an’ he didn’t set ‘er down a time. I figured if he could git ‘er to the top, he could git ‘er to the bottom alright!”

Copley also grew in other businesses. There was at least one barbershop. The numerous amounts of horses necessitated many barns to be built and for a time, Copley had its own blacksmith’s shop. The old grist mill was important for the grinding of the farmer’s wheat and corn. The miller was paid in toll, meaning he got to keep a certain percentage of the grain.

The **COPLEY** family, needless to say, was put permanently on easy street. Michael **COPLEY**, owner of the land containing the wealth-producing #1 well, was an Irishman-and like all Irishmen was possibly bantered many times during his lifetime for his Irish decadency. The following two tales are included only for humor’s sake:

After the oil well made Michael rich, it was said that a certain young man, who had been courting one of the younger **COPLEY** girls, came to Michael and asked for permission to enter the family. Michael did not disagree, but the young man was reportedly given the eldest girl and not the one of his choice. . .

Michael, according to legend, was a very large, obese man who nearly went blind before his death. The story goes that once, at a slaughtering of hogs, nearsighted Michael fell into the extremely hot water and, because of his bulk, was nearly scalded before the butchers could assist him out.

Michael **COPLEY** was not the only one to have tales told on him. A nearby neighbor by the name of Reynolds had also become wealthy by oil wells. This story related that:



Reynolds once took his wife to Maryland for an operation, and desiring the best obtainable treatment for his spouse, said to the doctors, "Don't spare the expenses; I'm an oil king from West Virginia." Evidently the doctors did not spare expenses, the operation cost \$1300.

## THE COPLEY SCHOOL

The first school at Copley was an old-fashioned one room school which was situated very near the location of the Copley #1 well. But, when the gigantic well began spurting oil, the school was temporarily closed; at least it was thought to be only temporary, but there was no school the remaining months of the 1900-1901 school year and the entire following school year. The problem evidently was the fear of fire, but this is not definitely determined.

It was soon decided that a new school would have to be built and school property was obtained from Newt **TURNER** about one-fourth a mile from the famous well. A wooden structure two-room school was built and the first two teachers were Mary Ellen **GULLOOLY** and Elisa **MURPHY**. The small school was then under the trustee system and had three trustees although no names of these people were available. Information was recalled, however, that one of trustee habitually checked the amount of time given for recesses and complained to the teacher to keep the children off the ice on nearby Sand Fork. The teachers were bossed until finally one male teacher affronted the trustee and retorted that the children were in his custody and the trustee could either fire him or kindly keep his nose out. The man retained his position and the doctrinaire interference ceased. There were no school buses as yet; in fact there were none in 1926 when this following data was current. One room contained grades 1, 2, 3, and 4 and had a total of 37 pupils.

Since no school buses were running, all these pupils walked from the near vicinity. The other room had the remaining fifth through eighth grades. The seats in the classrooms were the old type which had space for two pupils each. The toilets were built behind the school against the hill that also served as the play area.

A third room was added behind the school in 1943; the first teacher to use this room was Mayme **MULLADY**. Around 1950, a kitchen and restrooms were added

behind the original two rooms and a short time later, another kitchen was built behind the former kitchen which was remodeled into a lunch room. At the expense of the South Penn Oil Company, a portion of the hill alongside the school was graded off and a pipe fence was installed which encircles the school adding much needed protection due to the school's proximity to the road. Due to the lack of school yard, older grades were allowed to go to the woods and play. But this was ceased in 1955 when more land below the road was acquired for a ball diamond and swinging apparatus (again furnished by South Penn). In 1960, Copley school received counter-type laboratory equipment and a mimeograph machine.



The interior of the entire school was remodeled in 1966 consisting of new plywood paneling throughout and a new front door. All the older type seats were replaced with new modern ones. After the consolidation of Lewis County schools in 1967, the Copley School was permanently closed.

The following few sketches represent some incidents that possibly occur only in small country schools such as Copley was:

Copley school, as was said earlier, was built on property obtained from Newt **TURNER**. This same man had previously owned the land where the Copley church was built and, consequently, the two buildings stood within a few feet of each other. This closeness of location worked fine except for funerals. During funerals, the school would recess for their duration and at times, some of the small school girls would act as flower girls.

Between the time the kitchen was built and the time the old kitchen was remodeled into a lunch-room, there was no place for the children to eat. So it was necessary for the pupils to walk past a window where his filled plate was handed to him, and he returned to his normal seat to partake of the food.

Before the restrooms were installed, the toilets were built behind the school against the side of the hill. This situation caused grief in winter because of the task it was to gain access to the toilets due to ice and the steepness of the grade. During times when the path was not icy, the pupils, especially the smaller ones, would sometimes fall on the cinder pathway and the teacher had the opportunity to practice first-aid as he methodically picked cinders out of bloody knees.

Copley School occasionally had a poor teacher, as can be expected in any school. One such teacher, suffered the terrible ordeal of not being able to maintain control over his pupils, especially the females. He would tell his pupils to take their seats and all the girls would sit down in their places backward and refuse to turn about. His lack of control finally increased to the point that some girls locked him in the old toilet and he had to spend the entire night locked up before anyone let him out.

Another teacher suffered from somnolence and would sleep

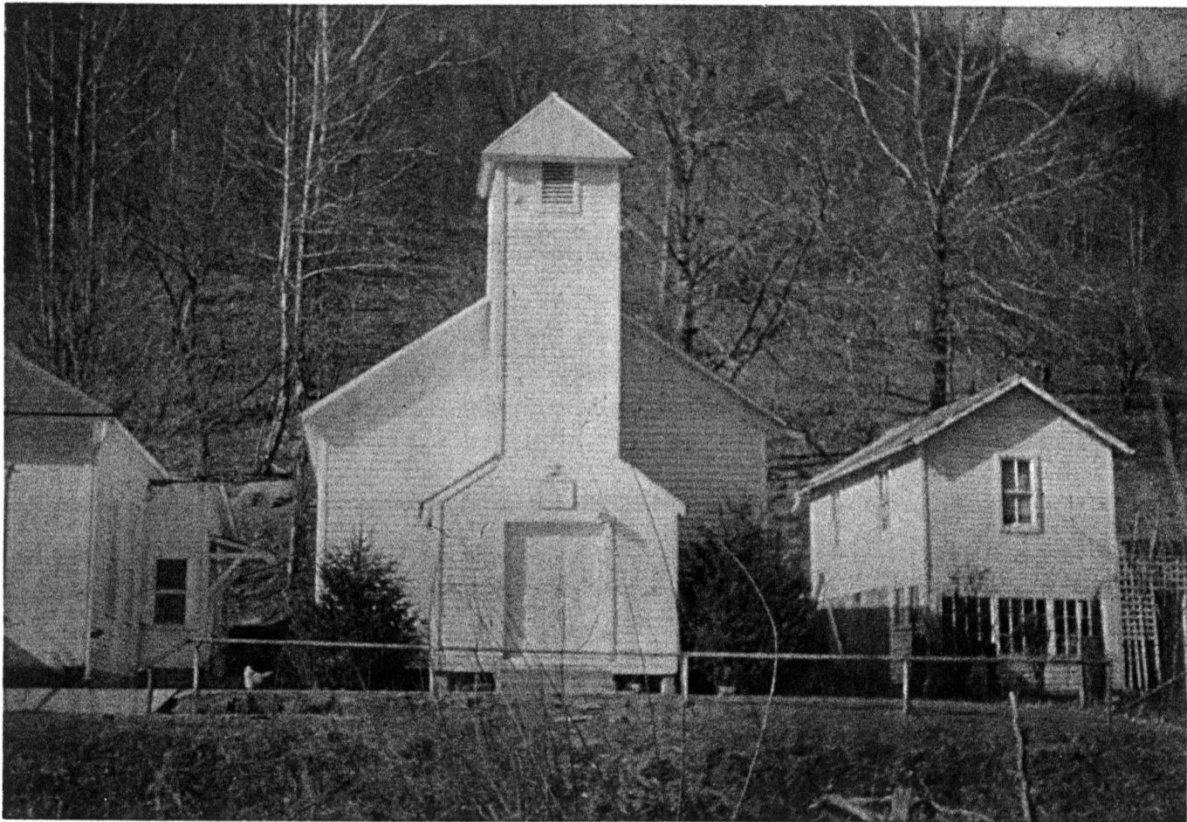
so soundly that the pupils would sneak off home. Once the County Superintendent of Schools arrived after the children had departed and the teacher was still sleeping. The climax of this tale results from the children sticking so much chewing gum in the sleeping teacher's hair that he had to be practically shaved to get rid of it.

The school lacked space when hunting Easter eggs, so the upper classes were allowed to hid eggs around the derrick of Copley #1. Once again the ground resounded around the old well – not of men seeking oil but of children seeking eggs. . .

### THE COPLEY E.U.B. CHURCH

In 1903 the community of Copley became vitally concerned about the spiritual fitness of the individuals in the homes of the little valley. Two prominent women of the community were Mrs. Chancy **NORTON** and Mrs. Joseph **OWENS**, decided to try to raise enough money to build a much-needed church. After Newt **TURNER** donated a lot of which to build the church, the entire community joined in the fund raising activities such as suppers. The women gave their untiring efforts preparing the suppers, while the men prepared themselves for the job of building the church when the necessary materials were provided. In 1904 the church was completed, four years after the coming of the Copley well which had gained for Copley this increase in population.

Perhaps, to the unconcerned of the community, the structure was only a crude building with window blinds and very uncomfortable board seats. But to those who had worked long and hard hours to see the church completed, the building was a place where they could fellowship together to honor God and to learn more about Him and their fellowman.



Soon after the church was dedicated as the “Copley United Brethren Church” an evangelist came and held a six weeks revival meeting. In this meeting, the hard-toiling Christians were richly rewarded by the many people who dedicated their life to Christ at the old-fashioned hand carved altar. The new church was off to a wonderful beginning with 41 new members. As they placed their money into the collection plate at the door, they began looking forward to the fulfillment of another dream. In 1904 their first dream had come true, but it was not until 1946 that the new dream was fulfilled when the valley rang with the sound of the new church bell in the recently constructed steeple.

In 1945 the old gas lights were taken down and the church was wired for electricity. Later the interior of the church was remodeled to give the pulpit more space. This extra space was a great help when the annual Christmas program was presented by the youth of the church. The first Youth Fellowship was organized in 1959 and in 1960, the old crude seats were replaced by modern comfortable pews and the gas stoves were exchanged for a new floor furnace. Through the years, the

church building has been repeatedly added to, while the congregation has been declining from an estimated 60 persons in 1904 to an average of nine at present.

### COPLEY'S DECLINE

The oil field of the Sand Fork region (including Copley) continued a steady growth until the peak was reached in 1902. It was years later when the well, mounted now by a steel-type derrick, at Copley #1 began its great decline during the decade of the 1920's. During the first half of the decade, pumping operations at Copley #1 yielded about 50 barrels a day. Although this amount was larger than some oil wells ever produced, it seemed somewhat small for this old gusher. In 1926 the Copley Pump Station was built, but due to an unusual flood in that year, the station did not commence operations until the following year.

In 1927, pumping procedures from the Copley Station began. Pressurization by gas into the well was used to cause the level of the oil to rise and enable the oil pump to receive an abler supply. The process worked to a degree and Copley #1 yielded 90 barrels a day during the 1930's.

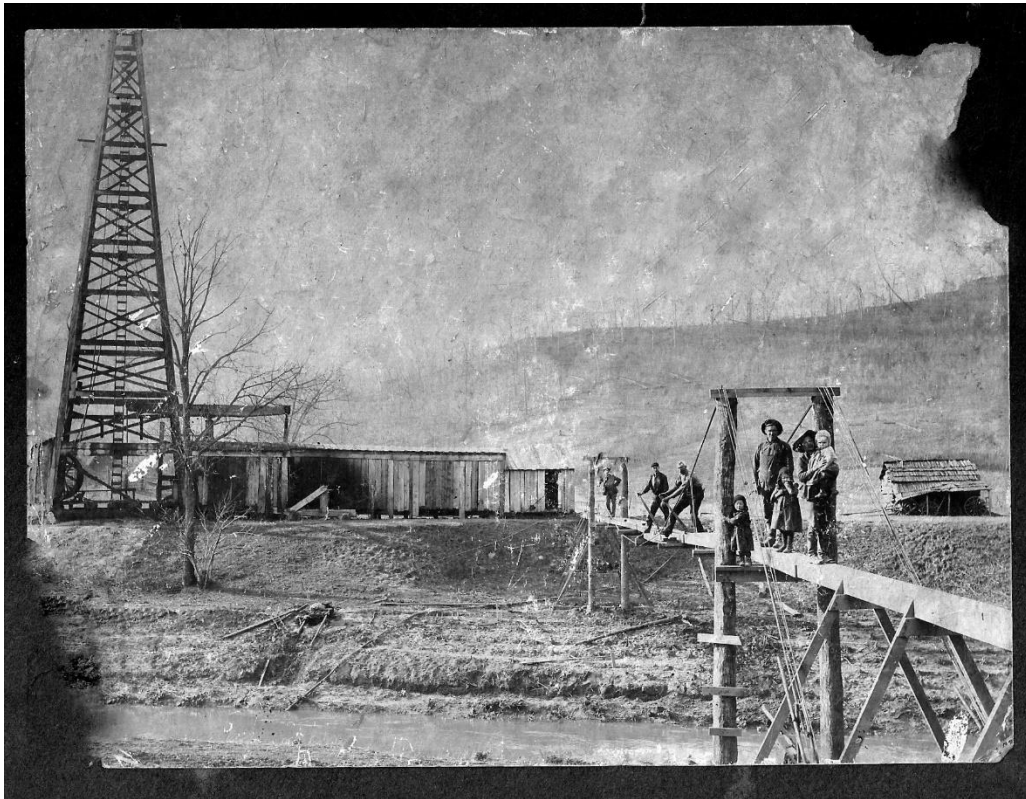
Later the #1 Well at Copley was used to install the gas which moved out to other wells in the near vicinity causing their oil level to rise. Usually the pressure applied was 50 pounds, but due to circumstances which plugged the path of the gas, the pressure at times may have reached 150 pounds before satisfactory results were achieved and the oil in the other wells rose.

Still later, it was necessary for water to be dumped in the famous old well. It seems that the pressure from gas was ceasing to be effective, due in part because the oil level was lowering and the gas was simply going out over the oil and escaping. With a water consumption of somewhere in the neighborhood of 800 and 900 gallons a day, the heavier water sank to the bottom of the pool of oil and forced the oil up, once again enabling the pressure from gas to increase production.

In 1966, a new technique, water flooding, was tried on Copley #1. The water-flood method simply designates the dumping of enormous amounts of water into the well (between 400 and 550 barrels a day) and letting the water alone raise the oil level. For a short time, it appeared that production might increase; following the initial water-flooding, Copley #1 gained up to 14 barrels a day. But the old well must have been too exhausted to continue and again its production slacked off, despite the efforts made by water-flooding. Today Copley #1 is still producing and

run by an electric semiautomatic pumping jack, but its one barrel a week seems pitifully insignificant in comparison to its original fabulous amount of almost one barrel every 13 seconds.

Socially and economically, the community of Copley has gradually declined just as the old well has. For the reason that bluster and excitement came to Copley, the lack of the same has reduced it back to its original status. Without the oil, there was no longer any demand for workers and the families moved away. The school has been closed, the store is vacant, the church is dwindling, and the population stands at an estimated 97 persons. Copley is once more a small, quiet farming community; the quietness is meekly broken by the soft kachush, kachush, kachush, kachush of the nearby pump station, and the old, rusty derrick of Copley #1 can still be seen against the hilly background in the memories of many minds.



# THE RED CLOAK

by Joe and Theresa Brown  
Thomasville, GA

Great Great Great Grandmother **PRESCOTT**'s Red Cloak has been talked about in our family as long as I can remember because we have always had in our possession a tiny rectangular piece of the red cloth with a note pinned to it explaining its significance! But actually SEEING a red cloak of the Revolutionary period in May of 2012, at the Concord Historical Society's Museum in Concord, MA, which was on loan from the Boston Historical Society, was a special treat, and lucky timing for us to be there during that traveling exhibit. On display were cloaks of a lady, a gentleman and a child made of this special RED CLOTH with the cochineal dye. We took photographs and enjoyed our personal connection to these 18<sup>th</sup> C treasures on display.

A second happening on this subject was even more revealing. Upon returning home from Massachusetts, the Colonial Williamsburg magazine, to which we subscribe, had a colorful article on the special dye for the red cloaks worn during the Revolutionary period and how the dye was nearly as valuable as gold and pirates would steal this special, coveted dye from ships that were exporting the dye material. So another piece of the puzzle about which we had not even known enough to question was put into play. As I read this article, I learned, *"The British were not alone in dressing their military officers in red uniforms. Its rarity and its link to status made good red dye almost priceless. Of the substances that create reddish dyes, none are as bright or as colorfast as **cochineal**. Deep inside the Paleolithic caves in southern France and Spain are paintings made from red ochre, which gets its hue from iron rich clay. Cinnabar, a toxic mineral discovered a thousand years ago in Asia, makes a good paint too, but neither ochre nor cinnabar is absorbed well by fabric."* ("Putting the Red in Redcoats", by Mary Miley **THEOBALD**, from The Journal of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Summer-2012, pages 38-44) Then no wonder cochineal was so outstanding in treating the red wool for the uniforms and the prestigious private cloak wear.

I learned further, from the article referenced above, that the *"cochineal is an odd sort of bug. The female lives her life in a spot on the nopal cactus or prickly pear. As soon as she hatches she buries her mouth in the cactus pad and starts*



*sucking. She will live, breed, and die on that spot, parasitically attached to the cactus beneath a bit of cotton fluff....The female, not much bigger than the head of a pin, lays her eggs on the cactus and continues to feed...A bug that never moves makes an easy mark for predators, so Mother Nature protects the females by endowing them with carminic acid, a chemical that some predators find offensive. As it happens, carminic acid is also a vibrant red colorant, ten times more potent than the nearest competitor, and colorfast on fabric when used with the right mordants. That once made the tiny cochineal worth more than her weight in gold."*

Our own tangible part of the Red Cloak, a *rectangle*, a tiny piece of the REAL red cloth of that period about 2 by 5 inches, was put into a frame when we lived at West Point (1967-'70), along with the note from Grandmother Mary Eva **BAILEY AMES** originally from Weston, VA (now WV) to her Granddaughter Eva (Eva Theresa **AMES WATKINS**, my grandmother). This note had previously been attached to that piece of cloth by a simple straight pin less than two inches long. I had asked Mother (Theresa **AMES WATKINS** Kindred) to give me something that was historic to our family when we were settling in at West Point, since we lived in such an historic place and our home was to be the "New Brick" category in the Annual West Point House Tour. This piece of cloth is what she suggested, our family's oldest and most valuable historic item.

Until this point when we framed it, our little red cloth piece had "*lived*" in my Great Grandmother's trunk (Jessie Evelyn **RUSSELL AMES**) since the presentation (from Mary Eva to Granddaughter Eva), where important things were stored for Jessie and her only living child, as they moved around a great deal, first with Rev Charles **AMES'** ministry in the South AL, No FL Methodist Church Conference. Following his death in 1905, the trunk accompanied the two while they lived with relatives or later, where she could find employment, such as Madison, FL, when she became a buyer of women's fashions for north Florida stores and traveled on the inland waterway to NYC to make purchases.

During my childhood, I would love to pickup and examine this note pinned on the red piece of cloth and other items fascinating to me in this trunk in my Grandmother's guest bedroom (Eva Theresa **AMES WATKINS**, or "Littlemother" as we called her). My cousins and I had all seen it, touched it and read the hand inscribed brown-inked note always pinned to the small rectangular red wool cloth

piece with the small straight pin. I was told by Great Grandmother **AMES**, who lived with us until I was nearly 13 years old, that the two other grandchildren (another Eva and her sister, Louise Hall) out West in Washington State had also been given such a tiny treasure, by their same Grandmother Mary Eva **BAILEY AMES**, the cloth being cut from the 3 times Great Grandmother Lydia **PRESCOTT**'s cloak described in that note as, *"English Army cloth. Red, a piece of your Grate, Grate, Grate Grandmother **PRESCOTT**'s long cloak worn by her during the Revolution War and many years after."* I had NO idea that one day I would also see THEIR cloth piece and have it in my possession.

*And just as you thought there could be nothing NEW about the Red Cloak....well,* the story about this begins in January of 2014 when I returned from a Christmas trip and opened a letter from a cousin's widow saying I was to inherit the Mary Eva **BAILEY AMES** 1864 trunk and it would be sent across the USA to me in a few weeks ....March came and so did the trunk... sent to me by these relatives who had by now left Washington State and were in Oregon ... The family out West had kept this valuable family treasure which was passed on to Mary Eva's granddaughter, Louise Hall **O'LEARY**, in Olympia, WA, the same generation as my Grandmother Eva, then to her son and wife, Dr Jack and Mary **O'LEARY**.

*And how did the trunk get out to Washington State?* The owner of the trunk, Mary Eva **BAILEY AMES**, left Waukeena, FL, where she had lived since Dec, 1864, and went out West to Tacoma, WA, in 1895, when her daughter (Catherine Bastable Taliaferro **AMES HALL**) was to give birth to her first child. *And why did I inherit it?* My mother's generation out West (Dr Jack **O'LEARY**, internist in Olympia, WA, and his lovely wife Mary) decided to send me GG Grandmother Eva's trunk since we had more knowledge and collections of the family history on this side of the Mississippi, and they had no grandchildren to pass along this treasure for the future. In talking to Mary shortly after receiving the surprising letter, she said, " Oh I wish we had sent this when your Mother was still alive." She knew how Mother would have enjoyed receiving it. (Mother and Jack died within 3 weeks of each other in 2003 with the same disease, pancreatic cancer.)

*How did I get the news about the trunk coming my way?* It was a huge and pleasant shock to get Mary's letter upon return from our Christmas trip in January,

2014. The anticipation ahead was most exciting and even the newspaper learned about this in our Thomasville hometown and asked to do an article about it after it came. The 400 pound trunk arrived carefully packaged, with foam surrounding it and wooden crating that took my husband Joe about 1 and ½ hrs to undo!! What a treasure – like opening a time capsule with things from 1978 on top thru both World Wars and finally the 1864 Family Bible of Mary Eva **BAILEY AMES** and Charles Bulkley **AMES**, Sr. There were also her scrapbooks and prayer books, some inscribed, and a Bible her son Rev. Charles Bulkley **AMES**, Jr., had inscribed to her, but one of the best treasures and only valuable to our family was a TINY PIECE OF THE RED CLOTH with a note attached, nearly illegible, saying nearly the same thing as our note framed with our piece of the red cloth, “\_\_\_\_\_”

We have assumed the note attached to this piece of red cloth was given to Mary Eva’s beloved granddaughter Louise Hall just as my grandmother Eva had received it, as they were similar in age and stored in the trunk she inherited from her grandmother (just as our piece was sent to FL for my grandmother Eva Theresa **AMES** as a young girl and became a family treasure). But what a shock to find this red piece of cloth exactly like our red piece of cloth, although I remembered later that Mary **O’LEARY** had hinted the most valuable thing in the trunk was cloth at the bottom (but I had assumed antique dress fabric or such not thinking of the red cloth piece). Discovering this in the 1864 Mary Eva **BAILEY AMES** trunk was thrilling... especially since it was so similarly attached as to *my* cloth piece by a small straight pin, which I separated once it was being framed.

*But what new did I learn in the trunk concerning the red cloak?* The note on the trunk’s red piece of cloth was written in perhaps pencil and is almost illegible but you can see enough to know the words are similar on the note we had in brown ink, but not written in the same pen. *But what had we learned from the trunk concerning the red cloak?* In the trunk was the 1864 Family Bible and in there was a similar small piece of paper in brown ink – yes, the same with the same beautiful writing style as the note pinned to our red piece of cloth– telling about the church where her child was christened in Tallahassee (St. John’s Church), so that established for sure the fact our note was written by Mary Eva **BAILEY AMES**’ own hand, which is important as it proves to us, generation wise, WHO wore the coat – Since she gave this to her granddaughters, we can thus establish exactly who wore the coat knowing it was THEIR GGG Grandmother as described in both notes. And

the similar note in the 1864 Bible about the Christening establishes that Mary Eva **BAILEY AMES** wrote both these notes to be sure posterity knew about these two important pieces of family knowledge. (One would think in today's world it is not important WHERE a person is christened – but my grandson, Ben Buller, had to prove he was a Protestant and where and by whom he was christened – in order to attend the Protestant Elementary School in Dublin, Ireland)

*SO who actually WORE the cloak?* Mary Eva **BAILEY AMES** mentioned the cloak was worn by a three times great grandmother **PRESCOTT**, and thus the genealogy of the coat back to the owner is as follows:

Eva Theresa **AMES WATKINS**, b Dec 7, 1893 d. July, 1971  
m William Baker **WATKINS**, Jr ) who received the note  
Charles Bulkley **AMES**, Jr Jessie Evelyn **RUSSELL (AMES)** mother  
Charles Bulkley **AMES**, Sr Mary Eva **BAILEY (AMES)** grandmother  
Simeon **AMES** \*Sibbell Blood **(AMES)** great grandmother  
Bulkley **AMES** \*\*Lydia **PRESCOTT (AMES)** GG grandmother  
b Jan 8, 1780 d Feb 23, 1848  
(m Sept 2, 1799 to Bulkley **AMES** Esq. b 1772)

Ebenezer **PRESCOTT** \*\*\*Lydia Wood **(PRESCOTT)** GGG Grandmother  
b abt 1755 (Archive record from Salt Lake City)  
d Feb 15, 1848 “ ” “  
dgtr of Ebenezer Wood of Littleton, MA  
(M Ebenezer **PRESCOTT** b Aug 15, 1747/ d Jan, 1811, son of  
Ebenzer **PRESCOTT**, Sr and Elizabeth Sprague.)

This is the Great Great Great (“Grate Grate Grate” Grandmother)/ THREE TIMES GREAT GRANDMOTHER **PRESCOTT** who wore the cloak “during the Revolution War and many years after” described in the notes on the 2 pieces of cloth written to her three granddaughters – Eva **AMES** in FLorida, and Eva and Louise Hall in Washington State – by their paternal grandmother Mary Eva **BAILEY AMES**, describing Lydia Wood **PRESCOTT** as the lady WHO WORE THE RED CLOAK, from which our pieces were cut.

# QUERIES ????????????

1. Looking for descendants of John Nelson **HUDKINS** (1827-1904) and Rebecca **STOUT HUDKINS** (1827-1893). They lived in Kincheloe, Harrison Co., WV before he moved to Roane Co. [Bez4@aol.com](mailto:Bez4@aol.com). Or Beverly **ROBINSON**, 253 N. Branch Hollow Dr, Bruceton Mills, WV 26525
2. I descend from Patrick and Hannah (**JOHNSON**) **McCAN** that settled in Lewis County, (then VA) sometime in the 1780s. Patrick was the son of Laurence and Mary **McCAN** that supposedly came to America around the Revolutionary War with their family. That is my brick wall. I recently located a document that was written in 1772 by the Ulster King of Arms of Ireland as a certification of the house or name of **McCAN**. The certification states other information that might lead me to additional documentation. Does anyone have experience with Irish government type documents that might be able to help me understand the document? Kathy **McCANN KEYSER** , 2863 Woodland Drive, Ashland, KY 41102-5774 (606) 615-1625. [kmkeyser@roadrunner.com](mailto:kmkeyser@roadrunner.com)
3. Looking for living descendants of Thomas F **BARTLETT** 1777-1850 m 1801 Harrison Co Malinda **BARTLETT**. This includes any descendants of their children: John H **BARTLETT** m Sarah **FLEMING**; Susannah **BARTLETT** m Thomas **SINCLAIR**, Samuel **BARTLETT** m1 Mary **FLEMING** m2 Elizabeth **DOUGLAS**; William **BARTLETT** m Harriett **GLASCOCK**; Sarah **BARTLETT** m Samuel W **MEEKS**; Emily **BARTLETT** m Rev Richard B **MARSHALL**; Nancy **BARTLETT** m Thomas **MEEKS**; Elizabeth **BARTLETT** m William **COLE Jr**; Thomas H **BARTLETT** m1 Zerviah **BARTLETT**, m2 Emeline **SINSIL**; Eppa T **BARTLETT** m1 Eliza **HORNER**, 2m A F **MARIN**; **JAMES K BARTLETT** m Sally **BARTLETT**; Elijah **BARTLETT** m Rebecca **BARTLETT**. Will share cost of DNA test, which will provide matches with cousins from all of your Ancestry. Am willing to manage the kit and Matches – all I need is the DNA sample and a Tree of Ancestors. Jim **BARTLETT** 7224 Beacon Ter, Bethesda, MD 20817; [jim4bartletts@verizon.net](mailto:jim4bartletts@verizon.net).
4. Looking for living descendants of Henry **GLAZE** 1804-1867 m 1827 Lewis Co Sophia **MEANS**. This includes any descendants of their children: Moriah **GLAZE**

m Philip **NICHOLAS**; Eliza **GLAZE** m John **BUTCHER** (my line); Isaac **GLAZE** m Sarah **CLEVENGER**. Will share cost of DNA test, which will provide matches with cousins from all of your Ancestry. Am willing to manage the kit and Matches – all I need is the DNA sample and a Tree of Ancestors. Jim **BARTLETT** 7224 Beacon Ter, Bethesda, MD 20817; [jim4bartletts@verizon.net](mailto:jim4bartletts@verizon.net).

5. Looking for living descendants of Joseph **BUTCHER** 1806-1910 m 1828 Harrison Co Eunice **FISHER**. This includes any descendants of their children: John **BUTCHER** m Eliza **GLAZE**, Joseph **BUTCHER** m Phoebe **NEFF**; Margaret **BUTCHER** m Andrew **FLESHER**; Matilda **BUTCHER** m Harrison **REXRODE**; Lucinda **BUTCHER** m Pete **BUSH**. Will share cost of DNA test, which will provide matches with cousins from all of your Ancestry. Am willing to manage the kit and Matches – all I need is the DNA sample and a Tree of Ancestors. Jim **BARTLETT** 7224 Beacon Ter, Bethesda, MD 20817; [jim4bartletts@verizon.net](mailto:jim4bartletts@verizon.net).
6. I need help on Jacob C. **CONLEY** born 1826 in West Va. died 1935 in Lewis Co. was married to Loveria **TURNER**. Would like to know his parents and where they were born. Also have hit a snag on Presley Barker Beach born 1829 Va. died 1903 West Va. he married Melcina O. **MORRISON**. Would like to know his parents These are on my mother's side. Judy **BENNETT**, 809 Plantation Dr., Myrtle Beach, SC 29575 Ph: 843-902-9089
7. I am searching for a primary document showing the middle name of my great-grandfather, **JAMES L. SWISHER**. All the primary documents that I have use the letter, 'L', as his middle name. The majority of Family Trees, books and other documents use 'Lee,' but I have not seen a primary document showing this. **JAMES L.** Swisher was born 23 Jul 1833 to Isaac R. **SWISHER** and Jane **GASTON**. He married Mary **HINZMAN** on 25 Feb 1855 and died 23 Jul 1908. He lived his whole life in Hacker's Creek District, Lewis County, (West) Virginia. Winnie **KENNEDY**, 7840 Shady Lane, Northfield, OH 44067  
[winbird36@windstream.net](mailto:winbird36@windstream.net)
8. I don't know exactly what to ask but I am trying to find connections to my father's family – **STEWART** or possibly **STUART**. My father was Donald **STEWART**, born 31 Dec 1921 in Henrietta, Calhoun Co., WV, died in Ohio in

1961; grandfather Scott L. **STEWART**, born 20 Apr 1891 in Doddridge County, died 26 Sept 1930; and great-grandfather H.B. **STEWART** (1880 census had **STUART**) born about 1862 – died 1946. married Rebecca C. **ROSS** in 1882 Children of that union: John, Lou, Lona, Frank, Scott (my grandfather), Clyde, Blanche and Pearl. I think H.B.'s father was George H. Stuart (1880 census – South West, Doddridge) and his father may have been Robert, b ca 1790, who married Eliza **EDWARDS** in 1818 in Louisa, VA. This document from Ancestry gave the **STEWART** spelling. The 1850 census placed him in Lewis, VA. Sharon **STEWART HILLERY**, 7901 Chelton Road, Bethesda, MD 20814  
[sharon.hillery@verizon.net](mailto:sharon.hillery@verizon.net)

9. Frances Eliza CAMPBELL b. 1818, m. Nicholas Elias MICK b. 1829. Searching for Frances' parents, & siblings. She had a sister reported to have married a **LAWMAN**. Helen Smith Leeper, 8782 Latto Rd SE, Uhrichsville, OH 44683-6362  
[helenleeper@earthlink.net](mailto:helenleeper@earthlink.net)

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## A REVIEW OF OUR 2014 GATHERING

Continued from Page 4

Awards were awarded to Junior and Elaine **COULTER**. They both are very eager to help us at any of our events and in the library. Eva **NEWLON** was presented the Volunteer Award for the quarter. Eva is our volunteer on Saturday, and she is very faithful and knowledgeable. I have started the volunteer program, as to recognize and give credit to our wonderful volunteers for the great job they do.

Sunday was open to people to attend the First Baptist Church in Weston. Thanks to all the members that attended and helped. We appreciate you!!

## MEMORIAL BRICK ORDER FORM

I want to order \_\_\_\_ bricks @ \$50 each. Please complete one Engraving Form for each brick and include them with this Order Form and your Check or Credit Card information.

My Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone No. \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail address: \_\_\_\_\_

Bricks X \$50 = \_\_\_\_\_

I am paying by: Check

Master Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ 3 digit code on back

Visa Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ 3 digit code on back

Discover Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ 3 digit code on back

American Express Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ 3 digit code on back

**Please make copies for additional bricks!**

### ENGRAVING FORM

*Please print legibly!*

My name is: \_\_\_\_\_

Brick #1:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### ENGRAVING FORM

*Please print legibly!*

My name is: \_\_\_\_\_

Brick #2

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



# INDEX

- ALFORD  
Perry G., 12
- AMES  
Bulkley, 33  
Charles Bulkley, 32, 33  
Eva Theresa, 30, 32, 33  
Sibbell Blood, 33  
Simeon, 33
- AMES WATKINS  
Eva Theresa, 30, 33  
Theresa, 30
- AMES'  
Rev Charles, 30
- ANDERSON  
Mr., 14
- BAILEY AMES  
Mary Eva, 30, 31, 32, 33
- BARTLETT  
Elijah, 34  
Elizabeth, 34  
Emily, 34  
Eppa T, 34  
JAMES K, 34  
Jim, 34, 35  
John H, 34  
Malinda, 34  
Nancy, 34  
Rebecca, 34  
Sally, 34  
Samuel, 34  
Sarah, 34  
Susannah, 34  
Thomas F, 34  
Thomas H, 34  
William, 34  
Zerviah, 34
- BENNETT  
Judy, 35
- BUSH  
Pete, 35
- BUTCHER  
John, 35
- Joseph, 35  
Lucinda, 35  
Margaret, 35  
Matilda, 35
- CHAFIN  
Carol, 11
- CHAPMAN  
Lawrence, 15
- CLEVENGER  
Sarah, 35
- COLE Jr  
William, 34
- CONLEY  
Jacob C., 35
- COULTER  
Elaine, 36  
JUNIOR, 36
- CRAGELL  
Susan, 7
- CRAYGELL  
Susan, 7
- CURTIS  
Irma, 4
- DEFAZIO  
Joy, 4
- DOUGLAS  
Elizabeth, 34
- EAGLE REXROAD  
Julia Ann, 11
- EDWARDS  
Eliza, 36
- FISHER  
Eunice, 35
- FLEMING  
Mary, 34  
Sarah, 34  
Thomas H., 8  
Thos H, 9
- FLESHER  
Andrew, 35
- GASTON  
Jane, 35
- GLASCOCK  
Harriett, 34
- GLASS  
Mary, 4
- GLAZE  
Eliza, 35  
Henry, 34  
Isaac, 35  
Moriah, 34
- GULLOOLY  
Mary Ellen, 22
- HACKER  
David, 7  
J., 9  
John, 5, 6, 8  
Thomas, 7  
William, 5, 6
- HACKER PRICE  
Artie Carrie, 14
- HINZMAN  
Mary, 35
- HORNER  
Eliza, 34
- HUDKINS  
John Nelson, 34
- HULL, 7
- JOHNSON  
Hannah, 34
- LAWMAN, 36
- MARIN  
A F, 34
- MARSHALL  
Rev Richard B, 34
- McCAN  
Laurence, 34  
Mary, 34  
Patrick, 34
- MEANS  
Sophia, 34
- MEEKS  
Samuel W, 34

Thomas, 34  
 MICK  
 Nicholas Elias, 36  
 MORRISON  
 Melcina O., 35  
 Wilbur C., 11  
 MULLADY  
 Mayme, 22  
 MURPHY  
 Elisa, 22  
 NEFF  
 Phoebe, 35  
 NEWLON  
 Eva, 36  
 NICHOLAS  
 Philip, 35  
 NICHOLSON  
 Betty Ann, 4  
 Randall, 4  
 NORTON  
 Mrs. Chancy, 25  
 O'LEARY  
 Dr Jack, 31  
 Louise Hall, 31  
 Mary, 31, 32  
 O'leary  
 Jack, 31  
 OWENS  
 Mrs. Joseph, 25  
 PRESCOTT  
 Ebenezer, 33  
 Great Great Great  
 Grandmother, 29  
 Lydia, 31  
 Lydia Wood (, 33  
 PRESCOTT (AMES  
 Lydia, 33  
 PRICE

Clarence William, 13  
 Harold James, 12  
 Hayward Cloy, 13  
 Marjorie Dianne, 12  
 PRICE NICHOLSON  
 Betty Lou, 15  
 REED  
 Andrew, 7  
 REXROAD  
 Nathan, 11  
 REXRODE  
 Harrison, 35  
 ROBINSON  
 Beverly, 34  
 ROSS  
 Rebecca C., 36  
 RUSSELL AMES  
 Jessie Evelyn, 30  
 SINCLAIR  
 Thomas, 34  
 SINSIL  
 Emeline, 34  
 SLEETH  
 David, 7  
 Margaret, 5, 6  
 William H., 8  
 Wm H, 9  
 SMITH  
 Caleb, 7  
 Susannah, 5, 6  
 STEWART  
 Blanche, 36  
 Clyde, 36  
 Donald, 35  
 H.B., 36  
 John, 36  
 Lon, 36  
 Lou, 36

Pearl, 36  
 Scott, 36  
 Scott L., 36  
 STEWART HILLERY  
 Sharon, 36  
 STOUT HUDKINS  
 Rebecca, 34  
 STRADER WAGGONER  
 Ethel, 11  
 Stuart  
 George H., 36  
 STUART  
 H.B., 36  
 Robert, 36  
 SULLIVAN  
 Kathy, 8  
 SWISHER  
 Charles, 40  
 Isaac R., 35  
 JAMES L., 35  
 TALLAFERRO AMES HALL  
 Catherine Bastable, 31  
 THACHER  
 David, 8, 9  
 THEOBALD  
 Mary Miley, 29  
 Thomas  
 hacker, 7  
 TUCCI  
 Tony, 13  
 TURNER  
 Loveria, 35  
 Newt, 22, 24, 25  
 Wolfe  
 Raymond, 40  
 Wolfe, Raymond, 40

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